

28 **LETTER** from DONALD MACPHERSON, a young Lad who was sent to *Virginia* with Captain *Toline*, in the Year 1715. on account of his having joined his Chieftain in the Cause of his KING and Country; he was born near the House of *Colleton*, where his Father then lived.

Portobago in Maryland, 12^d June 1717.

Teer, lofen ant kynt Fater,

DIS is to lat you ken dat I am in guid Healt, plissed bi Go d for dat, houp- in te heer de lyk frae you. As I am your hane Sinn, I wad a bine ill- leart gin I had na latten you ken tis by Kaptin *Rogir's* Skip dat geans te *Inverness*, per cunnan I dinna ket sika anitter Apertunie dis Towmon agen. De Skip dat I kam in was a lang Tym o de See cumin oure heir; bat plissit pi GoT for a Ting, wi a kipit our Heels unco weel pat *Shonie MagWillivray*, dat hat ay a fair Heet. Dere was saxty o's a kame inte te Quintry hel a Lit and Lim, and nane o's a dyit pat *Shonie MagWillivray* and anitter *Ross* Lad dat kam oure wi's; and may pi dem Twa wad a dyik gin tey hed biden at hame, gin tey hed hangit be *Cukil Shordie*, or felt be his cursed Red-Cuits; tey tuk fae me my pony Cun, Pestil, Turk and Pled, and left me neting. Pe my Fait I kanna komplin for kumin te dis Quintry, for Mestir *Nicols*, LORT pliss him, pat mi till a pra Mestir, dey ca him *Shon Bayne*, and hi lifes in *Marylant*, in te Rifer *Potomak*, hi niser gart mi wurk ony Ting pat fat I lykit myself; de meast o a my Wark is waterin a pra stennt Hors, and pringin Wyn and Pread ut o de Sellir to my Mestir's Tebil. Sin efer I kam til him, I nefer wantit a Potle of petter Ele nor is in a *Shon Glass* Hous; for I ay sat toun wi de Pairns te Dennir. My Mestir feys til me, Fan I kan speek lyk de Fouk hier, dat I fanna pi pidden di nating pat gar his Plackimors wurk; for de fyt Fouk hier dinna ise te wurk pat te first Yeer efter dey kum in te de Quintry: Tey speek a lyke de Sogers in *Inerness*.

Lofen Fater, Fan de Servants hier he deen wi der Mestirs they grou unco rich, and its ne wonder, for dey mak a hantil o Tombako, and de Switis, and Apels, and de Shirries, and de Pires, grou in de Wuds wantin Tyks aput dem; de Swynes, de Teus, an Durkies giangs in de Wuds wantin Mestirs; de Tumbako grou shuft lyke de *Dockins* at de Bak o de Lairts Yart; and de Skips dey kum frae ilka Plece, and bys dem, and gies a hantel o Silder and Gier for dem. My nane Mestir kam til de Quintry a Servant, and weil I wat hes now wort mony a Susan Punt. Fait ye mey pelive mi, de pirest Plantir hire lifes amest as weil as de Lairt o *Collottin*. Mey pi fan my Tym is ut I wol kom hem and sie yow, pat not for de first nor de neeft Yeer, til I gart somting o my nane; for fan I ha deen wi my Mestir, hi maun gi mi a Plantashion, and set me up, its de Quistum hier in dis Quintrie; and syn I houp te gar yow trink Wyn insteat o Tippeni in *Inerness*. I wils I het kum ovr hier twa or tri Yeirs seener nor I dit, syn I wad ha kum de seener hame; put GoT bi tankit dat I kam fa seen as I dit. Gin ye koud sen mi ovr be ony o yur *Inerness* Skips ony Ting te mi, an it war as mukle Crays as mak a Queit, it wad mey pe gar my Mestir tink te mare o mi: Its trw, I ket Clais aneu fe him, bat ony Ting fe yu wad luk weil and pony. And ant plese GoT, gin I life, I fall pey yu pack agen.

Lofen Fater, De Man dat vryts dis Letir for mi, is van *Shames Mackeyne*, he lifes shuft a Myl fe mi; he has peen unco kyn te mi sin efer I kam te de Quintrie; hi was porn in *Petie*, and kam ovr a Servant fe *Klescon*, and hes peen his nane Man twa Yeirs, and hes sex Plakimors wurkin til him alrety, makin Tumbako ilka Tay; heil win hem shortly, and a te Geir dat he hes wun heir, and py a Lertskip at hem. Luik dat ye dinna forket te vryt til mi ay fan ye ket ony Ocashion. GoT Almlghte pliss you, *Fater*, and a de leve o de Hous, for I hena forkoten nane o yu, nor dinna yu forket mi. For pliss GoT I fal kum hem wi Gier aneuch, to di yu a and my nane sel guid. I weit ye will bi veri vokie fan ye si yur nane Sin's Fesh agen, for I heve leart a hantil hevins sen I sau yu, and I am unco Buik leirt. I houp tey he sheft mi te me Craces.

GOT blis our ain King *SHAMES* yet nu, I'm verie sire te LORD wul sent him pack agen te *Skotlan*, to I sud niver see te Tay. Got sene him, I wull prey tat a me Tays.

A tis is fe yur nane lofen and opedient Sin,

TONAL MAKAFERSON.

Directed, For *Shames Makaferson*, neir te Lairt of *Collottins's* Hous neir *Inerness*, in de Nort o *Skotlan*.